

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1918

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Reedy's MIRROR



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DIVIDENDS AND DESTRUCTION!

SOME of our friends have been calling on us the past few days to inquire our theory of why our neighbor, the Post-Dispatch, is violently and persistently characterizing us as criminals and German propagandists for having made publication on Thursday of the report which Admiral Wilson of the American Navy gave out in France, announcing the signing of an armistice with Germany. They seemed to think that in a measure (great or small as their knowledge of the facts was complete or only partial), we were being injured by the Post-Dispatch; and, as friends will, they wanted us to defend ourselves before the public, upon which all newspapers, as every other class of business, are in the end dependent for the confidence and support which make either private or public enterprise successful. We were, of course, gratified by these visitations and suggestions, but we were not very much concerned (nor are we now) by what the Post-Dispatch was saying about us, and doubtless will continue to say for a long time to come. Somehow we have acquired an abiding faith in the fairness of the public and in its ability to winnow the wheat from the chaff in cases of this kind and in the end—sometimes quickly, but always certainly—to arrive at a just conclusion. We are willing to let the public do that now, without any further discussion and without any doubt whatever of what the final judgment as to The Star will be.

But there is manifest in the questions and in the attitude of our friends a somewhat vague, albeit an apparently widely-held opinion, that no newspaper (such as the Post-Dispatch, for instance), is ever actuated in circumstances such as those under consideration by any but the lofty and idealistic principles which it claims for itself in its "platforms" and preambles; that what it says is said always from purely altruistic motives; that it never yields to the plea of expediency or self-interest; that it never speaks aught but the truth, and always the truth in furtherance of the noblest ends. And this phase of the matter we deem of such importance that, notwithstanding our conviction that the quarrels of newspapers, as the bickerings of fishwives, are not ordinarily of interest to the public, it justifies us in a recital of the facts which have prompted our contemporary to its present course. If in this recital we unsettle any man's faith in the impeccability of some editors or in the inviolability of a section of the newspaper press, we must console ourselves with the reflection that it is only by exposing evil to the light that the security of darkness is destroyed.

We say, then, in answer to the questions addressed to us, that the Post-Dispatch does not in any degree believe that the managers of The St. Louis Star or with them the managers of the New York Evening World (of which the ownership and management are identical with those of the Post-Dispatch); or the Chicago Daily News, or the Philadelphia Public Ledger, or the Cleveland Press, or the Chicago Evening Post, or the New York Sun, or the scores of other reputable and decent newspapers of America, were guilty of a criminal act, or an act of treason against the United States Government, when they published the United Press cablegram, given to it authoritatively and in official form by an admiral of the United States Navy, whom Secretary Daniels delights to honor with the highest praise. The Post-Dispatch does not at all believe that The St. Louis Star, the Evening World and the other newspapers which published the unfortunately erroneous story did so for the purpose of making money from the pennies which they sold their "extras" for. Of all the newspapers on the list of which we have any knowledge, there is only one which we think there might be justification for harboring such a suspicion against, and that is the Post-Dispatch's sister publication, the Evening World. Familiarity with the methods and motives governing its management might warrant an assumption of guilt in this respect, but we cheerfully acquit it. The Evening World published the armistice dispatch for the same reason that The Star published it, viz., because it received it and believed in its authenticity. The reason the Post-Dispatch did not publish it was because it did not receive it.

Nor does the Post-Dispatch believe its own implied statements that The Star and the Evening World wilfully published Admiral Wilson's information for the purpose of closing the business houses of St. Louis and New York, thus robbing them of the legitimate profits of their industry; that they wanted, as the Post-Dispatch charges, to drive tottering age and helpless infancy into the streets during a merciless rainstorm, there to contract influenza and pneumonia by the hundreds, subsequently perishing miserably with curses on their dying lips for The Star and the Evening World.

It does not even believe that The Star and the Evening World would publish the story in the interest of the breweries and saloons, who reaped their advantages from the celebrating throngs, some members of which came from the offices of the Post-Dispatch.

The Post-Dispatch is not actuated in its present "campaign" by any anxiety for the welfare of the aged or the young, the poor or the rich; the health of the city or the sufferings of the public. Had Thursday's demonstration cost the lives of a hundred women and children, the Post-Dispatch would have shed not a single tear. Had it cost the loss of a keg of Anheuser-Busch beer it might have mourned by the bucketful, honestly and genuinely; but not otherwise.

What, then, is the motive of the Post-Dispatch? It is this. The will to profit and the will to destroy. First, dividends; second, destruction.

It is not unknown to many of the people of St. Louis that the Post-Dispatch has in the past been a profitable newspaper—profitable in dollars and cents. It may not be unknown to some of them that its sweetest shibboleth has ever been the bank balance. A few of them know that forty years ago, in its natal year, it raised a buccaneer's flag over the gamblers and prostitutes of St. Louis, and that in every subsequent year, from that hour to this, a buccaneer's emblem has waved from its flagstaff—sometimes black, sometimes yellow, sometimes white, but always the same old flag. Some of the crew which first helped to fly it still are standing by. They are standing by for profit, and for that alone. They sing their hymn of dollars and hate at each morning's sun, and the measure of their happiness and the sum of their success is determined on the first of each recurring month when the balance is struck of profit and loss.

But the year 1918 has not been an altogether happy year for the pirate's masters and men, and at this point we begin to answer the questions of our friends. The first day of January was not a gala day over there, nor the first of February, nor the first of March. Nor has there been another gala first day of the month up to this first of

November. The castings-up at the cashier's cage have put the anticipatory purchasing agent hot on the trail of the red-ink vendor; and of all the moral and spiritual calamities in the vision of the Post-Dispatch, the most catastrophic would be indicated by a splotch of red ink on the cash ledger. From the editors who affect to despise "trade" and "business" and exalt the spiritual (excepting the brewing business) down to the frank money grubbers of the "counting room," the index of calamity is the same.

Early in 1918 the sham idealists on the editorial deck, forgetting for a moment to reckon the results in dollars and cents, fostered and provoked a strike of the employees of the United Railways Company in St. Louis, tying up the city and its business. Among the industries which were in part or in whole suspended were the munitions factories and the department stores. The munitions factories, while they were engaged in helping fight the kaiser, were not advertisers and consequently but scant attention was paid

to their protests, though the "idealists" might very properly have been branded as "German propagandists" if there had been any other editorial "idealist" in St. Louis craven enough to do it.

But the department stores were advertising—and they made their voices heard. They cut their appropriations.

Following the street car strike, there came what the Post-Dispatch called a "boycott" of the Post-Dispatch by the associated retail merchants of the city. During negotiations for a renewal of advertising contracts certain facts pertaining to "concessions" to favored customers and to oppressive overcharges to others less favored were developed; and these circumstances, added to others, caused the merchants to withdraw their business from the columns of the paper. That meant more profit lost.

On the occurrence of this incident the buccaneer spirit of our neighbor took flame again, and in the strike of department store clerks which followed, it burned with sinister fierceness. Still more profits were lost.

It was then that the Post-Dispatch, experiencing in reality the miseries of a drouth of dividends, went begging (with its buccaneer flag turned white) at the doors of the other St. Louis newspapers, The Star among them, seeking comfort and security. And ever since that day its agony has been acute. It has lost more than a quarter of a million dollars in advertising revenue (from whatever causes may be) during the first ten months of 1918, to say nothing of the colossal loss of circulation with which our readers already are familiar.

Much of the advertising it has lost, and much of the circulation which has deserted it have come to The St. Louis Star.

Therein lies the answer to the questions of our friends. We are being attacked because we have been succeeding and because the Post-Dispatch has been failing. The Post-Dispatch hates The Star as ardently as it loves money. It has hated a thousand other men and institutions in its day, and it has tried consistently to destroy them. It would destroy The Star if it could. The only industry which it never has attacked, but always has defended; which it never has attempted to destroy, but always has labored to protect, is the brewing industry.

Its motto has been:

- (1) Dividends.
- (2) Destruction.

One of its representatives was in the City Hall Saturday and was asked by a city official why the Post-Dispatch was assailing The Star so viciously.

"Because," he replied, "we have got them down and we are going to kick them in the belly."

It was against this spirit that America entered the war, now happily ended.

The Reason Why

"It (the Post-Dispatch) has lost more than a quarter of a million dollars in advertising revenue (from whatever causes may be) during the first ten months of 1918, to say nothing of the colossal loss in circulation, with which our readers already are familiar."

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—don't say "Paper"
Say "STAR"

Trade Mark Registered

REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

For Our "Boys"

SO many of our readers have inquired about a reduction in the subscription rate for the boys at the front that we have decided to cut it in half. REEDY'S MIRROR will be sent to anyone in the training camps or the fighting forces anywhere for one year for \$1.50. This is done in recognition of our debt to them.

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Peace

By W. M. R.

THE peace transcends rhetoric and poetry. It fills heart and mind "too full for sound or foam." Let us not spoil it by insane vengeance against a broken foe. Not for us the *Vehmgericht*, no song of hate in our paean of victory. At least and most, justice be our purpose. We shall have to live in the world with Germans and our duty is to show them the better way of life. Already they are taking that way, having rid themselves of their mad rulers. More suffering for them will not cancel our own. Let us conquer ourselves, renouncing revenge. Therein is the greater glory. It is Christian and democratic too.

I look for little Bolshevism in Germany. The German people are too stable, too orderly. They know the need of government and they have one they can change without too violent explosion. Let us not carry the war won against kings over against their deluded victims who have found what curs their kaisers be. And let us beware, too, of warring upon the Russian folk dazzled by unfamiliar freedom.

Ours to feed the world, erstwhile enemies included, for the work of refashioning a better human society. Bring our soldiers home as needed in industry, not as military units. Throw off gradually, but as soon as possible, the restrictions of war upon productive effort. Let statesmen frame the peace so that there be no bonds and barriers left to gall old sores and new. Let the peoples have part in the great pact.

And let us not vaunt ourselves. Let the facts accomplished speak. Let us not go mad with pride. The living and the dead call for peace that is peace, a peace of justice of which mercy shall not be the least part.

Now for the Republic of the World united in bonds of common interest in the common man. Rally to the support of the President and his policy of putting love into international politics in place of ruthless selfishness. The earth belongs to all the children of men upon equal terms. No more dispossessed and disinherited men or nations, that all the sons and daughters of God may sing together for joy, still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim in praise and worship of a freedom so free that its lack of boundaries shall be the foretaste of the peace that passeth understanding in union with the Divine.

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Come on, Fellows

By William Marion Reedy

TWO hundred and fifty million dollars for the United War Work Campaign—will we give it? Sure; just watch us. It's for our boys in camp and at the front, that they may have something more in recognition of their service and sacrifice than the government has given them. That the fund will be distributed where and how it will do the most good we know by the character of the organizations that will administer the distribution—the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the National Catholic War Council—Knights of Columbus—the Jewish Welfare Board, the War Camp Community Service, the American Library Association, and the Salvation Army. From every camp and every ship in the fleet we have the glad testimony of the soldiers and sailors that the care and attention they receive from the volunteer workers connected with these organizations is beyond all praise. It is a personal touch with the people behind the fighting lines. It has in it the quality of human affection, in that it is not mere pay, not mere routine, official com-

pensation. The war work fund symbolizes the heart and soul of the country going out to the defenders of the nation's highest ideals. The patriotism that will stop at paying a tax is lacking in something. The true patriotism wants to give something to be in faint accord with those who have gone forth to give everything. If you don't feel that way, there's something wrong with you. But you don't. You're like everyone else here of late. You have learned, as I said at the time of the first drives, the joy of giving. You have got the habit and you feel enriched by what you have given. That's the *summum bonum* of democracy. It is service of each for all. Our soldiers and sailors stand for us all. Service for service let us give them, generously as becomes Americans, greater even in giving than in getting. Come on, now, everybody. It's only two hundred and fifty millions—a mere bagatelle in these billion dollar days. And think what we get for it—a world made free! Do we want this given to us? No, we want to have a share in earning it. Who wants to be a deadhead in the greatest human enterprise of all time? Not you, dear fellow. You are "a live one" and with the boys of the people's army and navy as thrones decay and crumble and democracy liveth.

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Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Set A-swinking!

EXIT the booted and spurred riders on the backs of the people. Wilhelm has gone, and Karl. Others will follow. The world for the people, the poor, sublime, wise, foolish, glorious, sad, virtuous, wicked people. They are all there is, such as they are. If perfection be attainable, they must attain it. They are headed that way. They will clear their own path. Only that will survive which registers their will to fair play. Woe unto any and all who may oppose that will to free earth, free seas, free labor, free thought and—free will. The fourteen points are the new Great Charter that contains seed, which, watered by the blood of millions of innocents, shall flower into newer freedoms. Dreams? Men's dreams are the ultimate realities. They are work's inspiration and so inspired 'tis time we all set a-swinking to make the earth the church and palace of a humanity purged alike of hate and fear. Then to that work, Wilson-led, dreaming and doing America, first!

♦♦

A Noble Friend

ROBERT ROSS died in London some days ago. He was a literary man but he will be remembered not for his writings but for that he was a supremely good friend. The man whom he befriended was Oscar Wilde. His fidelity was unshaken through all the misfortune and disgrace that befell the brilliant aesthete, essayist and dramatist. In prison, in sickness and in the hour of death Wilde was served by this man with a devoted tenderness, and after Wilde's demise it was Ross who edited and published his works. The proceeds of such publication paid Wilde's debts and yielded an income to his son. To this labor of Ross was due the establishment of Wilde's reputation as something more than an example of *curiosa infelicitas* in life and letters. The writing men of London gave him a public dinner some years ago as a testimonial to his unselfish character and the biographies of Wilde by Frank Harris and Robert Sherard do this friend ample justice. It took a strong man to do what Ross did for the celebrated dandy and fabulist and playwright, when the state and society, and indeed

all the world were against the person who excited his admiration, affection and pity. Some may ask if Wilde was worth it. He was. The friendship made him worth it, lifted him, living and dead, to its own plane. It gave its object something of its own high quality. Honor enduring to Robert Ross his memory!

❖❖ *Talk of Presidential Nominees*

I don't think the election returns of November 5 indicate that Mr. William Gibbs McAdoo will be the next nominee of the Democratic party for the presidency, in spite of his unprecedented power of political patronage. To be sure there will be no thought of nominating anyone other than Woodrow Wilson if he will accept. The indications are that, with Mr. Wilson eliminated, the nominee will be Mr. Newton Diehl Baker, at present secretary of war. Mr. Baker has been harshly, even virulently criticised within the past two years, but his record will stand examination and his performance, properly understood, will command popular approval. He conducted a large part of the war without surrendering to frenzied blood-lust, and while fighting was still a statesman.

Among Republicans the drift of political speculation points to the probable nomination of General Pershing, McMill McCormick of Illinois, Hiram Johnson of California, in about this order. There is to be sure the ever present possibility of the nomination of Colonel Roosevelt, but he will more likely be a maker of one of these, than the nominee himself. McCormick and Johnson are old followers of his. General Pershing is everybody's hero and a most becomingly modest one at that. And he's from a doubtful state, Missouri, too.

Maybe Mr. Hoover will be a possibility, but I can't say of which party. Senator Reed has had much ghoulish glee over the fact that once when someone asked Mr. Hoover what his politics are, he replied, being then fresh from long residence and work in England, "I am a Liberal." For all that the food administrator is a big asset and no liability to which party soever he may belong.

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Set the Erring Free

THE time has come, let me say again, for a general amnesty to persons condemned for political offenses under the espionage laws. Not those who conspired with the enemy, not the bombers of bridges and the incendiaries who destroyed munition works. A full and free pardon should be given to all who have opposed the war on the score of conscientious objection, to those who merely criticised the declaration of war and the prosecution of the war. Opponents of the war have remained in and been re-elected to congress. If they may sit in either house, surely humbler folk should not be kept in prison for the expression of opinions identical with those of senators and congressmen. It were absurd for this country to act as if the proper course to follow with regard to the heretics as to war is that of De Foe's "A Short Way With Dissenters." A sure method of making this country safe for democracy is to confirm in signal fashion the right of all men to freedom of speech and press. The men and women who have been willing to suffer for conscience sake are the men and women whose faith and passion will be most useful in shaping the country's course during the near future.

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That Fake Peace News

THE United Press set the country off on a peace celebration on Thursday of last week with a false report of the signing of the armistice four days before the actual acceptance of the terms presented to the German authorities by Marshal Foch. The report was foolish. The terms could not possibly have been signed out of hand immediately upon the meeting of the German emissaries with the allied highest command. They certainly could not have been signed before the Germans reached the place appointed for the meeting. If Admiral Wilson really gave the information upon which the false news was flashed, it only goes to show that admirals should stick to naval affairs and not dabble in journalism.

The papers that printed the news were blameless so far as the first editions were concerned, but they should not have continued the publication in later editions, after the falsity of the news had been established. At least they might have conceded that the report was grossly exaggerated, like the famous report of the death of Mark Twain. Failing in this those papers gave the other papers, taking the Associated Press, a club to belabor the offenders for "duping" "deluding," "deceiving," "betraying" the public. The Associated Press papers are making a great fuss about the incident, using it to discredit the United Press papers with readers and advertisers. I don't believe the public cares much about it. This peace was easily worth two celebrations, and more. Besides, the second spontaneous celebration was none the worse because the first one had served as a sort of full-dress rehearsal. Both celebrations are unforgettable. If you were out in them you got a thrill that will vibrate all your life and you got the feel of the people at their joyous best. They made you feel the reality of patriotism, the genuineness of democracy. That the United Press correspondents at the front made a grievous mistake is undoubted. It looks as if they tried to anticipate an event by close figuring a time schedule and without reckoning on all the formalities precedent to its accomplishment. The papers that printed the news erred innocently at first and after that fell victims to the common journalistic prejudice against admitting that anything one's own paper prints is wrong. Most people will be glad of the proof that newspapers are neither infallible nor impeccable.

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Give the Women the Vote

As the first step in domestic reconstruction, let us have woman suffrage. Away with sex in citizenship! Democracy with one-half the people unfranchised is one-half despotism. Our women have earned the vote if it be a privilege. They have proved their claim to it, if it be a right. They have failed in no duty to the country, living for it and dying for it. They have kept up in our fighting men the high, enduring heart. They have given brothers, husbands, sons and sweethearts and themselves withal. This is the only English-speaking country that has not given women the vote. Let us prove our faith in our own principles by making our democracy complete. How about self-determination for that great and glorious nation—woman—

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It is good to see and hear Archbishop Glennon and most of the daily papers taking up the MIRROR's suggestion of a permanent memorial of the soldiers who went from St. Louis to the war and came not back. Let the monument be worthy of the lives and deeds and deaths it shall commemorate.

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Mexico Next

If I mistake not there will be soon a renewal of an agitation for what is euphoniously called a settlement with Mexico. We shall hear a great deal about that country's pro-Germanism, of confiscation of the property of Americans and indignities to our nationals there. Fortunately the present administration has shown that it cannot be forced into war with the republic of our southern border. Mexico was pro-German while pretending to be neutral. But nobody is pro-German now. As for any wrongs suffered by Americans in Mexico, compensation can be exacted for them without war. This country is not going to start now on a career of such dealings with smaller neighbors as must resemble somewhat the action of Germany towards Belgium and Austria towards Serbia. We shall see as we have seen articles inspired by fire-eaters and headed "Mexico Next," but this country is not going to stultify itself in that fashion, however the concessionaires may rave.

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Returning to Our Muttons

No one has observed as yet that the Missouri State Board of Agriculture has punished or rebuked its secretary, Mr. Jewell Mayes, for abuse of his official position. Mr. Mayes used that official position and

an official publication, issued at public expense, to appeal to all farmers to vote down the single tax amendment placed upon the official ballot by initiative petition. Suppose Mr. Mayes had edited the Board of Agriculture's clip-sheet for or against either Mr. Folk or Mr. Spencer, the candidates for United States senator. Suppose Mr. Mayes had called on all farmers to vote down Governor Gardner's land bank scheme when that proposition and its author were both being voted upon by the people. No one objects to Mr. Mayes' favoring or opposing any proposal he likes or dislikes, even though he be an official of the state at the time of such action. The wrong complained of is that he used the state machinery, paid for by the state's money, to oppose a proposition formulated and submitted by a goodly number of people whose taxes paid for the machinery that was used against them. The supposed unpopularity of the single tax is no excuse for Mr. Mayes' action. That action was an illegal, unfair use of the state's authority and money against the convictions and the perfectly lawful purposes under valid legal forms of a number of the state's own citizens. It was a case of poisoning the wells of public information. It was a case of insidious attempt to corrupt the press in the interest of the profiteers in land values and the holders of slacker acres. The Board of Agriculture should do its secretary what the State Council of Defense did to its secretary for using that body's influence on the side of one Democratic candidate for the nomination for United States senator. The legislature should see to it that in future state publications cannot be used to dope the press with partisan argument and advice upon subjects of legislation submitted to the people by initiative and referendum. That this is an inequity is proved by the fact that in some states the law provides that when constitutional amendments are submitted to the people the state itself shall present the argument for and against each proposal, said arguments being supplied by representatives of the proponents and antagonists of the proposition. Considering this provision for fairness in the presentation of proposed amendments it is clear that the performance of Mr. Jewell Mayes in knocking the single tax amendment in the Board of Agriculture's paper, *The Missouri Clip-Sheet*, was an outrageous violation of the principles of fair play on the part of the state towards all its citizens in the matter of proposed legislation. I would point out that Missouri is no longer so brutally Democratic that Democratic politicians in office can with impunity insult and maltreat citizens, at public expense, in the way Mr. Jewell Mayes insulted and maltreated the single taxers of Missouri. His action cost his party not a few votes on the fifth of this month. It will cost the party more votes in future elections, and the party has mighty few votes to spare.

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An Important Labor Conference

THAT is an important meeting at Laredo, Texas, beginning last Wednesday, between the representatives of the American Federation of Labor and the corresponding organization in the country across the border, the Confederacion Regional Obrera Mexicana. Mr. Gompers heads the United States delegation. The meeting means the beginning of a Pan-American Federation of Labor. It means the organization of Mexican immigrant labor in this country and the prevention of its exploitation at low wages against home labor. The so-called peons are to be taken into our labor unions on an equal footing. There are now 1,500,000 Mexican wage-workers in this country all underpaid and pulling down United States wages. The war has caused capital to turn to Mexico for more such labor. This problem will be discussed from the standpoint of the unionists, but the gathering connotes larger issues. If you will think of it you will see that it is the initiation of "open covenants of peace openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind," as President Wilson proposes for all the world. The Labor of the two countries will confer without diplomatic,

banking or promotorial assistance, upon the general relations between the nations. No talk of concessions, boundaries, claims—all the trouble-making mechanism of secret diplomacy. But there will be talk of the imminence and immanence of trade warfare after the present world war, and, be it remembered, this warfare will be bitterest in the field of Latin-America. Big interests are preparing for this trade dominance right now. They are beginning to press Mexico to give up her claim to ownership of the petroleum deposits. They are talking of reparation and indemnities. Organized Labor is against all this. It will oppose it because it means the exploitation of the worker, which fosters militarism and makes for war. The exploiters must be opposed by the workers. They alone are unquestionably vitally concerned to prevent bargaining in races, military intervention, conquest. They are the uncorrupted medium of intercourse between the nations. Their interests are the same in all lands. They are the final reservoir of political power in all lands. All this will figure in the deliberations formal and informal at Laredo. This conference is a practical application of the principle tacitly accepted in this country, Great Britain and France, that Labor shall be represented at the great peace council. Here is the way in which shall come to pass the yes-saying response to the first sentence of the Communist Manifesto, "Workingmen of the world unite!" This is what British and French Labor have tried to bring about in the form of a council of the workers on both sides of the great war. An understanding between the working millions in all countries is the surest guarantee of peace. Such an understanding is begun at Laredo and it will branch out and include the workers of the whole western hemisphere. The United States will be protected against cheap labor and Pan-America will be protected against imperialist penetration such as has been suggested, if not, in fact, attempted upon Mexico. What better can allay international suspicion that makes for trouble than such an understanding between the workers? Mr. Gompers will have something to impart about the prospect of the solidarity of labor in Europe. He is probably more unaverse than he was to political action in favor of such a programme as that prepared by the British Labor party. But more important than this even is the fact that this international conference is a first essay at the kind of open covenants—covenants between the people, not between statesmen or politicians—that alone can surely save the world from such horrors as it has known for fifty months and eleven days.



Wages and Prices After the War

Will the cost of living go down after the war? No. Why? Because for a long time there will be a lack in production throughout the world. Will wages stay up? No. Why? Because demobilization not alone of soldiers but of workers supporting the armies cannot fail to result in unemployment and economic depression. These are truths self-evident. What shall be done about it? That's easy, to hear the parlor economists talk. The state is going to take over this and that and the other thing. The state is going to control supply, regulate demand, fix prices. Capital and Labor are going to be made to "get together." When they have got together, Capital is going to be compelled to keep wages up. The state is going to "make work," too. Over in England it is proposed, as we learn from *Land Values*, London, that the employers shall pay wages in proportion to the size of the worker's family. This, *Land Values* says, would simply place a premium on the employment of men with small families. The wooziness of thinking on this subject is best shown by a simultaneous proposal for the endowment of motherhood. Multiplying babies can't increase wages. It would lower wages. Another proposal is a sliding scale of wages proportioned to the cost of living. *Land Values* says, "The inevitable result of this is to increase the cost of production, which in turn increases the cost of living and necessitates a further increase of wages." And the

tendency of the cost of production to overtake the cost of living will breed more unrest. The wage increase, like taxes of the various kinds usually imposed, is passed on to the consumer in increased prices. We shall soon have the new war taxes. Every one of them will be loaded on the backs of the many. The schemes for keeping wages up and prices down blow up because there's no way of doing this by current methods, without adding the wages to the cost of production, which means an increase of prices, which means increase of wages, which means increase of cost of production, which means increase of prices—a deadly, endless chain. We can't accomplish what we want along that line of action. Clearly the thing to do is to reduce the cost of production. How can that be done? We have tried to do it by invention, by improvement in the methods of production. John Stuart Mill said it was doubtful if all the inventions in mechanism had lightened the burden of any human being. Henry George proved that as wealth is increased by invention, wages are relatively decreased. And this is thus, as *Land Values* makes plain, "because the owners of one factor of production—land—are able to blackmail the owners of the other factor—labor; and therefore the added technique of the worker mainly benefits the parasitic interests which control the natural resources which labor must utilize. Indeed, not only do the landed interests fatten on the earnings of the present, they forestall the earnings of the future; and, the price of land advancing in proportion to what it is anticipated may one day be made from it, it is held idle until that day arrives. The workers, consequently restricted to a narrower area, struggle with one another for the opportunity to engage in working such natural resources as are available; and, like the penned-up herd of cattle in Tolstoy's parable, force one another deeper and deeper into the mire." The problem then is to increase production and at the same time reduce the cost of production. This can only be done by making available to labor all the available natural resources now held out of use on speculation. Those resources can only be made available by taxing the land so as to compel its use by those who hold it so that it will yield its utmost produce. There is no other way of increasing production, and at the same time increasing the number of jobs. It would make for more jobs than men seeking them. This would make for good wages. And cheapened production, with the landlord's toll done away with, would prevent increase of prices to eat up good wages. This is the only way of keeping wages up and the cost of living down. No other proposal of economics comes anywhere near touching the problem. The farmer and the proletarian may vote down the proposal to increase wages and decrease the cost of living by taxing the landlord out of his hold-up place between the worker and the land, but some day those misguided folk will find out that there's a difference between land and land value and that most of the land value is held untaxed by people who are not land users. Unless this method of dealing with the problem of social and economic reconstruction is adopted in all countries there will be hell to pay and no pitch hot, in no long time after the war. For in the matter of wages and cost of living is the germ of Revolution, which we can only avoid by taxing the landlord out of existence.



A Newspaper Novel

SOME weeks ago my erudite and sardonic confrere, "Alliterarius," had a great deal to say *contra* the penchant of modern authors for writing shop. His remarks on the whole were justified but we believe he will make exception for Albert Payson Terhune's "Fortune" (Doubleday-Page & Co.). To every American the newspaper has become a necessary part of his existence. For a penny or two the events of the world, local or antipodal, are spread before him. He glances through the "extra" and casts it aside without a thought for the hundred thousand people in all parts of the globe who have labored toward the assemblage of fact or misstatement. Chiefly, as is the case with most men, in

present conditions the man who gets out the newspaper is concerned to hold his job. All else of romance and other things is subordinate to that. For good and sufficient reason. There are more men than jobs and the jobs are at the disposal of a few people. And then there's the newspaper temperament that is a type. A newspaper man, a reporter, is above all else a "good fellow," who spends when he has money and borrows when he hasn't and whose funds are at all times at the disposal of his brethren. At least this was true erstwhile. Nowadays there is in the craft more prudence and, happily, less drink, than in "the halcyon days." Still there does still linger the better spirit of a Bohemianism that is slightly irresponsible but not sordid. Journalism still remains an adventure among adventures. *Ergo*, a reporter more than any other man should be a bachelor, for when he is single he is care-free and independent. He must live under his hat and be ready to go anywhere, any time, at the drop thereof. If the city editor becomes irate over a headline, supposedly facetious, which unfortunately offends an important advertiser, or if the business manager orders a reduction in the pay roll, and if, in either case, discharge of the unfortunate reporter results, being single, he whistles, borrows a five and moves on. But if he is married! There is never anything in bank and he simply dare not let himself get fired. "Fortune" projects this atmosphere to the degree where it envelops the reader and makes of him an integral part. Sometimes he's an integral part of a news-canning factory suddenly turned into a madhouse. The characters are the regulation brilliant and resourceful reporter who marries the beautiful young heiress, promptly cut off by her guardian-brother. In their effort to achieve house-keeping on a poor man's salary, *Errol's* pitifully small inheritance is speedily dissipated. His attempt to augment his income by outside work ends in protracted illness and in order to procure the funds to defray the increased expense *Eve* writes the G. A. N. (again see *Alliterarius*, No. XVII). About the time it is accepted *Eve's* guardian-brother relents and bestows upon her about a million and a half. When this fortune and *Errol's* pardonable chagrin over having his wife succeed where he had failed, threaten their happiness, *Eve* stoically gambles the fortune away and *Errol* becomes a famous scenario writer. This may not sound startling but it really makes absorbing reading. The camaraderie and general good-fellowship of the newspaper clan, the self-sacrificing devotion of a pal as exemplified in *Hawarden*, the petty tyranny of the office chief and his obsequious fawning when the tables are turned, the multitudinous abominations of "office politics," the kindly fate through which actors, politicians, bankers *et al.*, acquire reputations as wits, are incidental. I shudder to think what Mr. Terhune might have done if he had told more and deeper truths about the profession—or is it business?—in which he has been so successful. He might have told us the gulf there is between the professions of idealism and the practicalities of journalism and again exposed "the myth of a free press." He still cuddles the illusions of newspaperdom and of others about newspaperdom. He leaves it still a bit superhuman, when it is "human, all too human," and is like the remainder of us, in Shakespeare's phrase, "but indifferent honest." Still, Mr. Terhune isn't in the exposure business. He is writing a story and a story it is. The big thing about the book is the skill of its writing, the quiet manner in which the characters are made persons.



If Wets Were Like Drys

By Whidden Graham

MR. REEDY asked recently in his paper what would be thought of a demand by the Wets that everybody should drink, as the Drys demand that everybody shall be denied the right and the opportunity to drink. The thought would be unfit for publication.

Suppose the Wets were strong enough to carry

their point with the country. The result would be about like this:

AN ACT

To promote temperance, provide revenue, and encourage the moderate use of alcoholic beverages by all adult males.

BE IT ENACTED BY THE SENATE AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN CONGRESS ASSEMBLED.

1. There shall be created a Commission on Temperance, hereafter termed the Commission, composed of three members to be appointed by the President with the consent of the Senate, each member of the Commission to receive a salary of \$10,000 per year.

2. The duties of the Commission shall be: To provide suitable facilities for the examination of all adult males, for the purpose of ascertaining whether they have contributed their quota of the annual National Revenue of \$250,000,000, derived from taxes on fermented and distilled liquors.

3. The Commission shall be allowed a sum out of funds not otherwise appropriated equal to the amount annually expended by the Anti-Saloon League, for salaries and expenses of its officers and employees.

4. It shall be the duty of the Commission to employ competent physicians and other expert assistants, hereafter termed the Agents, who shall establish offices in the various states, notice of the location of said offices to be made by advertisements in the daily and weekly newspapers of the state.

5. Immediately after this act goes into effect the Agents shall make a thorough investigation into the personal habits of the Adult Males of their respective localities. Any Adult Male who is suspected of immoderate abstinence from cheering or refreshing beverages shall be summoned before the Agents, who shall take testimony as to the reasons for such abstinence.

6. Any Adult Male who is unable to give satisfactory reasons for not consuming his per capita share of alcoholic beverages shall be subject to an annual tax of nine dollars and thirty-five cents.

7. Exemption from tax. Indians, delinquents, members of Hard Cider Associations and of the Anti-Saloon League, and all others engaged in harmful, useless, or dangerous occupations, shall be exempt from this tax.

8. The possession of a Perpetual Grouch, or addiction to the Peruna habit, shall not exempt any Adult Male from payment of the tax.

9. Any Adult Male upon whom a tax shall be assessed under this law may secure a waiver of such tax by presenting proof that he has consumed during a period of six months following his examination at least one drink daily of the following liquors: Highballs, Gin Rickeys, Cocktails, Beer (draught or bottled), Ale.

10. Failure to pay the tax imposed for undue abstinence shall constitute a misdemeanor, and shall be punished by sentence to listen to at least three hours of Captain Hobson's Lecture, "The Great Destroyer." Such penalty is hereby declared not to conflict with the constitutional prohibition of cruel or unusual punishments.

11. All taxes collected under this act shall be used for the maintenance of an Institution, to be known as the National Home for Aged and Infirm Busybodies, in which there shall be supported all persons suffering from prohibitionitis, intolerance, bigotry, narrow-mindedness, contempt for individual liberty, and other chronic mental infirmities.

"The Stars and Stripes"

By William Marion Reedy

A DISPATCH in one of the papers, the other evening, told us that it is proposed to publish an edition of *The Stars and Stripes*, the paper of, for and by the soldiers of the American Expeditionary Force in France, in this country. The thing may be done, but I doubt that the American Edition can be made the same as the paper that reaches us now, spasmodically, reeking of the trench, the ammunition dump, the commissary, the hut, the service of supply. The paper may have the name but it cannot have the quality those of us know who now wait for it expectantly and welcome it with joy. That, as now issued, the paper is a success, all must admit. It is full of the spirit of the place where it is prepared and put forth. And with that spirit is mingled something else that is wistful even if ironical or hilarious—a diffused, indefinable but very distinct nostalgia, or longing for and remembrance of home, which however cannot prevail over the indomitable spirit of youth. Reading *The Stars and Stripes* you are with the boys on the most wonderful adventure in the world, an adventure for the tabernacling of the new grail in the lands of the older world. The sense of comradeship pervades each page. That the paper is an army publication does not prevent its indulgence in a blithe irreverence towards orders or to discipline. It gives you the life of the barracks, camp and field in the direct speech thereof. Here are stories of the battles fought, told not as officers would report them but as the great occasions strike the mind of the man in the ranks.

For the soldier it is full of news of other interest to him than either the rapture or the horror of the fight. Of that he knows enough from being in it or near it. There's the information that he is to have a Christmas package after all—a package for each one of them. With a certain affectionate ribaldry he scoffs at the inadequacy of the three-pound limit of contents in the box 9x4x3 inches. Why? What are the cubic contents of that to the hungry doughboy? Not Gargantua's self had such an appetite as he. Oh, boy! A Christmas box of that size is only a device for the tantalizing of the soldier. But the regulations about the boxes have a big head on the front page all the same, and those boxes will be welcome when they arrive. "Commissions for Thousands of Men in Ranks in A. E. F." is the headline of another article. It's on the front page too. It is more important than the reports of victories. There's a marshal's baton in every knapsack, as Napoleon said. In the A. E. F. there's possibly a generalship rolled up in every kit. We learn that there's just a bit of pique in the A. E. F. over the fact that so many officers commissioned in the States, in the specialized branches of the organization, come over there into units that had long been working efficiently with enlisted men who possessed every qualification for a commission. The Commanding General S. O. S. in Bulletin No. 30 tells them that every effort is being made to facilitate the granting of commissions to men in France who have shown their worth in actual service. And the procedures for men desiring to become officers are set forth. In the combatant branches a three months' course in the Army Candidates' Schools is necessary, with the usual examinations. In the S. O. S. branches commissions will be awarded by a board of officers. Can't you just see the youngsters rushing for the necessary blank forms? Here is opportunity.

And with the pleasure there's trouble. Someone has thought up a new kind of inspection—as if there were not enough already. This is inspection of identification tags. The two tags of aluminum with a string through the holes in the top must be in place, worn around the neck, under the clothing. Inspections will be frequent and punishment condign. Oh, well, when the identification tags are most important the wearers won't be caring about

inspection. Let's forget that and turn to the item that tells us that any unit of the A. E. F., however small and however isolated, "however remote from the center of civilization and cigarettes" may nonetheless, have its own library. We learn that the men in railroad or chemical or other scientific work can have little libraries of works on their specialties, as well as general literature. To American prisoners of war in Germany many books have been sent. One order for a Greek book was filled recently. Two doughboys wanted and got books on bee culture. Books for prisoners must be new. No book published since the war is permitted, no book that slams Germany. Second-hand books are barred because German censors don't want to read every page for secret messages. Books were arriving, one per man for the new arrivals—that is about 300,000 a month in September, but the "early birds" numbered a million or more before the books began to arrive. There's an editorial on "The New Uniform." A fashion article, you might say. It is a very diplomatic editorial. It says that it would be wise to adopt and adapt good features from others nations' uniforms, but there must be no imitation. An All-Ally uniform may have been thought of, but if so it must have been decided to be undesirable long before the war. It can't be adopted now. Whatever the uniform for the U. S. soldier, "it must brand its wearer an American as distinctly and unmistakably as does the U. S. on his collar." There is a welcome to the Women's Overseas Corps, but shall they be pronounced Woc or Waac? Woc it shall be, says the editor. The editor tells what's the harm in mentioning this or that in letters home. The harm is that it gives the enemy information, if he captures the letter. Oh, but it's information the enemy can get easily anyhow. Not so easily can he get it as by reading it in a doughboy's letter. Let the boche go out and work for his information. "The more Germans we can keep busy hunting up stuff, the fewer Germans there will be to bear arms." The editor doesn't say so, but when the German has to go out and get the stuff the American may pot him. The American, when he is otherwise referred to in *The Stars and Stripes*, is always a Yank. "Sammies"—derived from *les amis*—is obsolete.

You skim through the paper and you learn that "six hello girls" of the Signal Corps—they jumped at the chance—were in at the start of the St. Mihiel push, September 12, at the headquarters of the First American army. They worked any hours they were asked and handled 40,000 words a day during six days on the eight lines they operated. And the senate, including Jim Reed, won't give women the vote. The girls who were not picked for the work made such clamor they were told they would be rotated in future operations. The lucky half-dozen were: chief operator, Grace D. Banker, and operators Esther V. Fresnel, Helen E. Hill, Berthe M. Hunt, Marie Large, and Suzanne Prevot, chosen out of a total of 225 girl operators all just dying for the chance to go up forward. We read that the kitchens on wheels, manned by the cooks, couldn't be held back but rattled into action along with the tanks, at St. Mihiel. One, from which eight hundred men were fed, went clean over the top. And in many another fight the cooks grabbed rifles and joined in advances, leaving the "slum" to get cold. Captured boches don't count so much as thousands of bottles of beer, sacks of flapjack flour, candy and cabbages found in enemy dugouts. An engineer writes the paper asking why he can't be transferred to the infantry or the tanks; he's tired of a bomb-proof job and wants a rifle. There's usually a whole column of original army poetry in the editorial page—pretty good newspaper poetry, too, even if some of it is a bit slangy, thus: "She's our best best, Our little pet,— Salvation Army Lass." The Salvation Army won't be laughed at much in days to come. The soldiers are for it strong. The lass is a bigger hit now than in the days when Edna May enacted her, singing, "They never proceed to follow that light, but always follow me." We learn of the operation, of the classification camp at Blois how men for any reason

detached from their original units, are sorted out so that they are set at tasks for which past experience or training best fits them and sent where they will be most useful. There is the regular series of humorous pictures of the soldier, wrestling with French money, the French language of love-making or the ballot sent over from the states for him to vote. This stuff is just as good as the funny pictures in any daily paper—which isn't saying much—and often better. Of course there are cablegrams about the progress of the Liberty Loan and about the arrival of the first Liberty truck. Then there are the "fillers" here and there. Says Juggins, "Why does the cap'n always stick to vin blanc?" To which replies Muggins, "Guess he's obeying the G. O. about not looking on the wine when it is red." The importance of "eats" cannot be overestimated. Many battle memories concern food. Here's one: "An American private spied a rooster prowling around a farmhouse in No Man's Land just after the Americans had captured Very. Being hungry, and having an appetite for roast chicken, he decided to crawl up on the rooster and trap him in the building. He was about to lay hands on the astonished rooster when a German entered the rear door of the building bent on the same mission. Both were so surprised that they stood a moment and glared at each other, then the American motioned for the German to do a right flank on the prey they were after and both closed in on him. The rooster was captured by the American, who later returned to the American lines with both rooster and German in tow. Later, at the regimental P. C., the German roasted the chicken for his captor, who shared it with him."

We need not pause to read the stories the citations tell—the stories of valor and sacrifice by men whose names are a polyglot revel—English, German, Jewish, Greek, Bohemian, Italians. Most of them have found their way into the papers over here. It is good to see that there is a wail over the leave order to Great Britain or Ireland only for those related by ties of blood. What's wrong with it? Oh, nothing, only someone asks the editor, "How about fiancées?" Why can't the soldier get away and visit "her" family? Why not special furloughs for the Yank to see his girl's folks in England or Ireland? The editor doesn't know. That might be an "exceptional reason," but after all, "love will find out the way." Another letter tells with ghoully glee of a photograph of Marshal Foch at the G. H. Q., Y. M. C. A., in which the allied commander's upper coat pocket is unbuttoned. Someone pointed an arrow to it starting from the word, "Note." An unbuttoned pocket on a lesser military person—its almost mutiny! But on Foch—it makes even the rookie feel akin to greatness. Still another letter wants to know if something can't be done to help Italian-American boys in France to get furloughs to run over to see their people in Italy. All the editor can say is that it's all up to the officers having charge of the issuance of furloughs. Ernest Carter, Ritz Hotel, Paris, writes asking if anyone present at the time of the death of Charles Roger Ellis, of Battery A—F. A., can give information as to his burial place.

Always the little stories of the humor of the iron game. "One German cook, in the retreat from the St. Mihiel salient, was ordered to blow up his kitchen and make tracks for Germany. He had nothing to blow the thing up with, and both he and the kitchen were in position when the first American soldiers approached. He had no dynamite, but he did have some beer and cheese, which light refreshment he arranged on a table and served to the arriving Yankees till it was all gone and they were ready to ship him behind the lines." Another: "An American doughboy entered a dugout just west of Thiaucourt and found that he had walked into the temporary home of a German colonel whose retreat to the rear had been cut off by the barrage. The colonel was taking his daily shave. He was seated on a stool in front of a large mirror, his face covered with lather. 'Now take that chair in

the corner and let somebody shave who needs it,' the doughboy commanded." In the same battle, St. Mihiel, "one unit, in the forward push, had been without cigarettes for two days. About this time it ran onto a German headquarters and about all it landed there was 25,000 gold-tipped Turkish cigarettes of excellent quality."

A rollicking good poem celebrates the devotion and bravery of the stevedores of the Service of Supply. They get the stuff that's wanted right up where it's needed by the fellows who are doing the fighting. They don't get much glory but they "deliver." We all remember the story in Spanish war days of the soldier, who being kissed by an enthusiastic girl, said: "None o' that. I ain't no hero, I'm a reg'lar." Here's a *Stars and Stripes* variation, headed "Auld Lang Syne:" Inspecting Officer—"And what were you in civil life, sergeant?" Old Regular—"In civil life, sir? In civil life I was a soldier, sir." From this turn we to the joyous article that tells how in September there was a soldier landed in France every 8½ seconds, or 433 an hour, while the base ports handled in that month 767,648 tons of stuff. There were a thousand locomotives and more than 10,000 cars in operation. A most important item is that the new army pay book will be in the hands of every enlisted man in the A. E. F. on October 31. There isn't much politics in *The Stars and Stripes*, but the editor knows news, for he gives about one-fourth column to the fact that women participated in organizing the campaign of Tammany Hall. Odd items leap out to the eye. An Australian seeing the Americans "go to it" in the Argonne, remarks, "If you fellows don't look out you'll ruin this blamed war." Herman Schmidt, late of Forty-second street, New York, where he tended bar, and more recently of Yonkers, where he ran a little cafe of his own, has been taken prisoner by the Americans. He doesn't mind. Just before the war broke Herman, who had an old sweetheart of his in Germany, went back to get her, and, though he had taken out his second naturalization papers in New York, he was grabbed and clapped in the German army. For four years he had served the Kaiser's purposes, and when it came his turn to be captured, it was just his luck that the opposing troops were from his old home town and numbered among them, without doubt, some of his thirstiest customers. Herman's status has not yet been decided.

Here's "the true pathos and sublime." "Almost twenty years ago, in a little village in Kansas, Wesley R. Childs looked with sorrow upon the closed shutters of a little brown house just across the street. He called his wife to his side and consulted her about adopting the Dillon children—a boy and a girl, the elder scarcely five years old. Mrs. Dillon had died that morning, and the two children were to be sent away to an orphan's home. 'Yes,' said Mrs. Childs, 'we can take them. And we must raise them as though they were of our own flesh and blood.' So the Dillon children were adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Childs. One day last week, on a hillside near Very, France, a gray-haired man was seen wandering about from shell hole to shell hole, crawling over the barbed wire entanglements as he made his way from one object to another. The man continued to walk about. Shells were exploding on the hillside, and the machine guns rattled not far away. Presently the searcher stopped and knelt down beside a still object. Wesley R. Childs of Kansas, a Y. M. C. A. worker in the A. E. F., had found the body of Sergeant Joseph A. Dillon, his adopted son. To a sheltered spot over which whining shells passed at irregular intervals, to a graveyard on the hillside where several crosses were stuck in the ground, the father, although he had been severely gassed while conducting the search, summoned the aid of a chaplain and two men and buried his son."

A crackling editorial calls down the men who are trying to keep noisily alive in the army the ties of colleges, college fraternities and grown-up secret societies. "As if such things mattered now." There's

something bigger going on than silly initiations. Stow the frat pins, sheep skins, pass-words. Time to lay off the rah-rah and the hush stuff. *The Stars and Stripes* editorials are not long. They say a thing and stop when they have said enough. One entitled, "Our Money," makes reply to certain solicitous people back home who "want to know what we do with our money." Here is the answer: "While we can't, of course, account for every sou received and every sou expended, we can give them a fair sample of what the army does with its spare cash, taking our figures from those compiled for a certain division, served by five canteens, during the month of August. In four out of the five huts patronized the men sent home more money than they spent on themselves for canteen supplies. In the fifth hut the amount of merchandise sales was only a small percentage larger than the amount of remittances sent home. Taking the five huts as a whole, 125,000 more francs were sent home than were spent at the counter. One of the huts, whose business in all departments was the biggest of the five, reported that its patrons sent to America almost three times as much money as it received for sales. These figures are typical of the sound common sense of the American soldier. Neither tight-fisted nor ultra-lavish, he doesn't stint himself on necessities, and yet he manages to remember generously his folks at home."

What are the soldier boys doing with their money, eh? *The Stars and Stripes* has started to raise a fund for Christmas-all-the-year-round aid to five hundred French children whose fathers gave their lives "for the same glorious cause that brought us all to Europe." There were one hundred and twenty-five adoptions at the time of the issue dated October 11. These children are to be fed, clothed, generally comforted and schooled for a year. The money comes from individuals and groups in all branches of the army. The cost to the adopters is 500 francs per child. One of the adoptions of the week of October 11 was "by a young lady, a granddaughter of an ex-president of the United States, who, despite the youth of the French orphan which has been assigned to her, is somewhat the junior of her ward. We are not just exactly certain of the age of this young lady, but it is a matter of weeks. She is Miss Eleanor Kellogg Taft, of Rose Hill, Waterbury, Conn., U. S. A., and her intermediary in the adoption was her father, Lieut. Charles P. Taft, Jr." Some of the soldiers are adopting orphans in the name of their best girls back in the States. The Christmas packages of the men in the A. E. F. will be small, but what's that compared with the fun of helping the French kiddies made fatherless by war? There's no use wasting words upon such a subject. You can't say what you want to say, because you're all filled up with what you think of the American soldier.

You can't know the American soldier, if you're not there with him, if you're an old, stranded, played-out dub over age, better than by reading his paper, *The Stars and Stripes*. It's his paper and like him, it doesn't go in for heroics. There's no guff in it. The war is a job and the boys are on the job, doing it without putting on any airs. The paper has enough sentiment to comport with the youth of it. Whatever complaint it voices is more than half humorous. An important bit of news from home in the last issue to hand is a cablegram announcing the closing of Delmonico's in New York. The circulation of *The Stars and Stripes* is 250,000. "All profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds." Capt. Guy T. Viskniskki is the editor. Matrices of the pages are now to be sent over here and from plates cast thereon the American edition is to be printed. The matrices will be sent three weeks in advance of the date of issue, to be printed simultaneously with the issue in France. When the boys come home the paper will be continued under private ownership—which will be a case of bathos I fear. But it's a paper now to make you wish you were part of this glorious band of boys for whom it is printed.

Songs of The Unknown Lover

By Witter Bynner

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GATES

I HAD answered them,
*"But I am left with no desire,
 For I have known a happiness
 Whose memory is all my need."*

The camel lounges through another gate.

You answer me,
*"But I am left with no desire,
 For I have known a happiness
 Whose memory is all my need."*



A GHOST

You leaned against me,
 Humming a slow song
 Of purple shadows. . . .
 Showers and javelins and shooting-stars
 Fell through me where you leaned. . . .

Whose ghost was I?



PAIN

Yes, life has curious ways, and I to you
 Am little more than anyone might be.
 But I cannot lose you any more, my love.

I cannot see you any more, my love,
 For if I do not see you I have eyes
 But if I see you I have none at all.

I cannot love you any more, my love,
 For if I do not love you I have peace
 But if I love you I have none at all.

It was a cruel thing when you were born,
 For I had always pain of missing you
 But finding you at last, that was the pain.



LEGACY

Since you bequeath your living face
 And leave your throat for me to lean my eyes
 against,

As though the one I loved the uttermost had died
 And willed me all her golden benefits—
 Am I not happy then? . . .

O largesse of the dead!
 O vaulted throat!



EXILE

I banish you, all thought of you.

And yet, wherever I send you,
 Your two arms entwine me,
 Drawing me there with you
 Into exile.

(To be continued)



Eddie:

THE PROFLIGATE'S PROGRESS

By J. L. H.

I MET Eddie this morning. It was the first time in two or three years—perhaps even longer than that. It was on the street car. A few blocks below my corner he got aboard, stepped jauntily in and dropped down in the seat immediately in front of mine. Glancing around he perceived me, turned about in his seat, leaned cordially over the back of it and chatted fluently, almost confidentially, all the

way down town. It all seemed as natural as if it happened every morning, or, say, every few days. Yet, as I have said, it was the first time I had seen him for two or three years—or more.

He chatted fluently, almost confidentially and always confidently and vividly. I didn't really have to chat much, for Eddie, as you might say, "did all the talking." Once in a while I said, "Ah!" or "Yes?" or "Really?" or perhaps asked some commonplace question. That was all that was necessary, on my part, to sustain the conversation.

As I looked at Eddie, and listened to him, mentally I was going back a long time and thinking of many things that had happened. I have known all Eddie's "folks" since he was a small boy—he is now, I should explain, somewhere between twenty-five and thirty, probably pretty close to thirty. I recall very well the first time that I ever saw him. It was at a dinner given to the pastor of the church to which his father and mother belonged—the church at that time had a large membership and was a very prosperous one. Eddie's father was one of the "pillars." The dinner was being given by him and the other pillars, to the pastor, who was very popular and had just drawn to a close some unusually successful church campaign—I forget just what, now. All the members of Eddie's family were there—his father and mother, his two brothers, his three sisters—two of the latter with their husbands. The whole Morton family was of the church-going habit, if not aggressively pious. Morton, *père*, was the senior member of a big wholesale mercantile firm, down in the city—a man of large wealth, if not a millionaire. His wife had presented him with six children, all healthy, vigorous and good-looking. Eddie was the family pet—the youngest boy and much younger than either of the others; being, at that time, an apple-cheeked lad, with shining eyes and a muscular young body, clothed in a handsome "sailor suit." I had met all the others in the family before, but this was my first glimpse of Eddie. He had been well trained and his manners were easy and pleasant. I remember thinking: "What a fine lad! I believe he will make a finer man than either Bruce or Magnus"—these being his elder brothers, both decidedly personable, too. For good looks ran in the family.

Instinctively I was thinking of this as I looked at Eddie this morning and chatted with him. Even that first time, at the church dinner, as a small boy, he had possessed that same easy familiarity. And then again I thought of all that had happened since.

Eddie, as I have remarked, was a family pet as a small boy. Yet it would hardly do to say that on that account he was spoiled. His mother was altogether too decisive in character, had too "good government," for that. Besides, his father was anything but foolish in his fondness. Nor were any of the brothers and sisters. In fact, none of the Mortons were "built that way." Yet, about the time Eddie got into long trousers he began to exhibit traces of unmanageability. None of the other children had ever done the like. But Eddie was different, somehow. Full-bloodedness was a Morton trait, but the other children had with it a sort of deliberateness of conservatism, devoid of anything "speedy" or giddy. Eddie was not only full-blooded—he began to develop "speed" early. As he got along in his teens there began a series of escapades—innocent enough, at first, but gradually taking on a somewhat disquieting aspect. They began to trouble and worry his parents. But at the same time his bright, handsome face, his light, confident air, his easy, ingratiating ways, kept his pull upon their heart-strings taut, and each escapade ended in forgiveness for him, after a sermon, and promises—the former on the part of his father or mother, the latter on his own.

So it kept going on. His parents rather wanted Eddie to "go through college." Neither of the older boys had matriculated at any of the great universities and both, dispensing with educational extras, had assumed places in the big business down town and

were working along in it and "making good"—much to their father's gratification. Eddie, it was somehow thought, might as well, when the time came, enter Yale or Harvard, or Princeton or Cornell, and attain academic honors. He was a very bright boy and learned easily. But Eddie himself failed to enthuse over this idea. In fact, as he kept on "growing up" he developed a decided distaste for learning. Schools and schoolbooks palled upon him and it was with difficulty that he could be kept at them. His tastes were of a different description, it seemed.

What allured Eddie was "the gay life." I suppose it must have been born in him—but the white lights and the frou-frou of silken skirts—his keenness after them was so precocious as to be amazing. Steadily he developed "speed" and with that speed came the habit of "hitting the high places." This portion of his "education" Eddie conducted as quietly as possible at first, but of course certain episodes were bound to "leak out," to reach the parental ear. But the parental ear listened to his ingenious explanations, the parental heart yearned over his handsome personality, and somehow everything always ended agreeably.

Meanwhile, as Eddie's incompatibility with schools and teachers constantly increased, and the futility of his "studies" was evident, at last, with the object of "toning him down" and for his own good, he was taken from school and put to work in the big business down town.

Eddie, I think, attended to "business" rather as a diversion than aught else. Moreover, employment "down town" necessarily brought him more constantly in touch with the real object of his young existence, *i. e.*, the pursuit of pleasure. Pleasure, undeniably, with a capital P.

So things went along—I would hardly say drifted; Eddie was altogether too brisk to drift!—until he had reached his majority. And, hardly had he reached it when, one morning, in the "Society Column" of my morning paper, I read the announcement of his engagement, and forthcoming marriage to one of the South Side's most charming debutantes, daughter of a physician of prominence, professionally and socially—you can imagine the rest, as the Society Column would describe it.

"Isn't it grand!" ejaculated one of Eddie's married sisters, when I chanced to meet her a day or two later, on the street. "You know, we have been just a mite anxious about Eddie. He's a splendid boy, but it did look as if he might sow a few wild oats! And now he's going to marry and settle down and make a real man of himself. We are all so delighted! And she's the loveliest girl! And Eddie's just simply crazy over her!" And so on.

The wedding invitation came along in due time. The wedding itself was so imposing a function that I felt my presence would not be missed—but I felt also the necessity of a nuptial gift considerably more expensive than I ought to afford. The account of the great event, the portrait of the bride in her wreath and veil and shower bouquet, and the resume of the gifts, occupied the best part of a page in the papers next morning. It was a church wedding, of course. The crush of guests was terrific. There was a supper to a select portion thereof. And the bride and groom departed upon an extensive and spendiferous honeymoon. The gifts were most elaborate. In addition to a large cheque from Morton, *père*, that gentleman also bestowed the complete furnishings of a beautiful apartment, in an exclusive neighborhood. It was all, in truth, idyllic.

It was perhaps six months afterward that I met one of the other Morton boys and, after passing the time of day, queried, "How are Eddie and Grace getting along?" And in reply I was informed—it pleased me much, for I had always liked Eddie—that they were ideally happy; and that Eddie was doing splendidly at the business.

You may, then, imagine my astonishment when, it seemed to me, but a few weeks later, my morning

paper contained a "social scandal" which it exploited to the limit. The crux of the story was that a young and lovely bride, heroine of a famous wedding of less than a year ago, had returned to the parental roof-tree and sued for a divorce. There were many more or less specific details regarding "other women," "white lights," "the gay life," et cetera. Somewhat dazedly I gathered the fact that the couple concerned were Grace and Eddie!

I will not picture the particularities of the affair. The Mortons, proud, self-respecting, and for the first time involved in anything savoring of scandalous publicity, were submerged in humiliation and chagrin. But, incidentally, I found them too honest and honorable to make out an alibi for Eddie where none existed. That young man they did not attempt to exonerate to their friends, and they expressed their sincere sympathies for Grace—who never returned to her husband and who obtained her divorce, uncontested, at a private hearing of the case.

This episode, I may say, was the official opening of what could be termed Eddie's public career. From that time onward his name became a familiar feature in the newspapers as one after another he explored the possibilities of the gay life. In time, I think, the other Mortons became hardened to it, though what that result cost them in mortification and the feeling of personal and family disgrace I would not want to compute. Eddie, it would appear, had been seized with the ambition to beat all records as a scape-grace. The cabarets and the roadhouses rang with his exploits. The "rialto" was his happy hunting-ground. His wine-bills, supper-bills, taxi-bills and florists' bills became classic examples of their *genre*—all of them received wide publicity, because he had a happy faculty of forgetting to pay them. There were also tailor's bills, haberdasher's bills, jeweler's bills, and so on, *ad lib.*—bills, bills, bills, piled upon each other like Ossa upon Pelion, all for Morton, *père*, to pay, unless he wanted to see Eddie "behind the bars." Somehow, Eddie was always able to get credit—I suppose because the harpies who extended it were always aware that in the background was Morton, *père*, who could always, at the psychological moment, be depended upon to settle up.

It got so I never alluded to Eddie when I met any of the Mortons. The subject was taboo. I read of his goings-on in the morning (and evening!) papers and they were full of variety, if in another sense somewhat monotonous. The boy seemed literally dead to all sense of shame, or honor, or respectability. He went through bankruptcy with the gayety of a marquis of *Pancien régime* going to the guillotine, and services and summonses, bailiffs and sheriffs he assumed to consider in the light of impertinences or jokes, to be eluded or tricked as opportunity dictated. There was no nook or corner of debauchery that he did not penetrate, no shady spot of the half-world in which he did not stop to loiter. By hook or crook he had always money in his pocket, good clothes upon his back, a train of silken skirts fluttering in his wake, a good dinner and a bottle of wine at his command, and a care-free attitude toward the day of reckoning. . . . What was the use of his reckoning when he never paid?

His adventures, his way of life, I think, might have been "screened," without change or alteration, as "The Profligate's Progress," and verified their title to the letter—though of course many episodes would have called for elimination by the censor.

The most amazing thing about it all was Eddie himself. His attitude was that of a boy who was thoroughly enjoying life and doing it without embarrassment or anxiety of any kind. Nobody could have seemed happier or more insouciant. The distress of his family—it is a fact that his conduct was one of the things that killed his mother—did not cause him a pang. The exploitations in the newspapers merely amused him—perhaps even gratified him. The condition that he was an outcast from society, disgraced, discredited, bankrupt, and doomed,

in all probability, to be disinherited, mattered not a jot. His bright, jaunty, confident look never altered, his ease of manner never forsook him, his self-assurance never lacked. He might have had some bad quarters of an hour, but if so his outward seeming was unaffected. Dissipation also failed to leave the traces which moralists have stressed. His eye was as sparkling, his cheek as rosy, his brow was unfurrowed, his step as light the morning after a protracted orgy as if he had put in the night sleeping the sleep of innocence and the quiet life.

In the midst of all this he sprung another surprise. He married for the second time. Another lovely girl, this time from a distant city. Again the outraged, estranged family took him to their bosoms. All was forgiven. Eddie had "straightened up"—for good; and there was the rejoicing for the one sheep that went astray but returned to the fold, which exceeds that over the ninety-and-nine who never left the path. Eddie stayed "straight" this time for so brief a period that the rejoicings had not yet died away before fresh lamentations were in order. Like the first Mrs. Eddie, the second made a speedy exit from his bed and board, and there was duly a second divorce, this time with wide publicity. And Eddie returned to the gay life that called him.

These careers run their courses at length. There came a time when the papers ceased to "play up" Eddie and his escapades. He was getting to be an old story, though not yet thirty, and for their purposes new personalities are a need. Morton, *père*, retired from business, the property was syndicated, and Eddie, his mother dead and no longer there to weep and pardon, became aware that the possibility of prison-bars was becoming more imminent, and began to mend his ways. He was given another trial in the business, but it did not last long. And I had almost lost track of him until this morning, when he came into the car and sat down to chat with me, all the way down town, in his old, fluent, confident, almost confidential manner.

As I have said, as he talked I could not avoid, spontaneously, thinking of all that had happened since that church dinner, so long ago, when a handsome boy in sailor suit, the family pet, I first encountered him. He is still handsome, for that matter. He has that full-blooded look of the Mortons, with high color and sparkling eyes and assured air of well-being, but the experienced eye does detect a certain hard, bold accent. Not a "tough" one, but, as I have said, a hard, bold one—and, with all its fluency, one a little furtive. Eddie is earning his living just now. He is "on the road." Is "selling," as, I believe, the commercial traveler phrases it. He is in the employ of a firm headed by an old friend of his family, who, I suppose, still has some faith in him. I asked him how things were coming and he replied emphatically, "Fine!" and proceeded to unfold to me something of his "proposition," and how well it was "going." I noticed, however, that his top-coat showed signs of considerable wear, that his hat was not new, and that his shoes required a polish.

Where or how he is living I don't know and don't try to imagine. His father, still alive, is said to have cut him off in his will with just enough so that he cannot break it. And that is so tied up that he cannot dissipate it. Somehow, I don't think that Eddie will hit many more of the high places. Is it not even possible that some day he may again be taken to the bosom of the family, that he may marry again, may really "straighten up," and become a solid business man and a more or less staid and respectable member of society? Or—will the monotony of this humdrum existence again appal him and the lure of the sirens and the white lights claim him for their own? Will I again find his name in the papers, some fine morning—or evening—with the details of another escapade? I can only hope not. For Eddie, you see, is no longer a boy. Much can be forgiven to youth. But for the old offender the world grows ever less forbearing.

A County in Michigan

By Marjorie Allen Seiffert

THERE'S a county in Michigan which is almost a desert, but without a desert's grandeur. Among its fields men move. They seem to rustle as though their limbs were cornstalks, withered and dead. When the wind blows under a clear sky you may see whiffs of sandy dust follow a man's footsteps clear across a field. Through their stolid feet, which move always through this yielding sand, their spirits have been drained away by the earth, whose vast, insatiable thirst drinks effort.

Some years ago a man and woman came from the city to live in a cottage here.

She was a small anxious person, looking capable of desperate things. She was the sort of mouse that will fly at a cat when cornered.

He was large and ponderous. His face was slow as though his mind had not yet caught up with the event. He might have been laboriously thinking his way through the perplexing tangles of twenty years ago. Only when he looked at Nell, his companion, did his expression clear. It was as though he grasped an overshadowing fact there—a major premise upon which all future deductions must be based.

They took up life together in this hut in a barren field. She was all passion and desperate energy—he possessed endurance and a sullen, sturdy heart which did not know either much hope or fear. He had left a wife behind him, and Nell a sickly child. From the very first they tacitly agreed to ignore this fact. It was never mentioned between them.

As the years passed no children came. This, in itself a blessing, seemed ominous to Nell. It kept her deserted baby in her mind. That child, born a few months after her husband died, had come into Nell's life when she had nothing to give it—no home, no father, not even love. The baby was two years old when she came to this county in Michigan, leaving it with a friend. She had promised to come back for it in a week or two, but life in a sandy field is hard enough at best, and Nell never sent for the baby; never even dared to write and ask how it fared.

The years which seemed to bring no penalty, brought nothing else. They were heavy, empty years in whose very silence there was menace. At last Nell's man reached slow decision. His face showed finality, like an iron bell tolling the hour. He would return to the wife he had left so long. To everything Nell said he only answered: "I got to go, Nelly, I got to go!"

He was gone two months, July and August. Every day the sun shone, and the shrill wind blew incessantly. Little whirlwinds of sand blew across fields where crops were parching, and Biblical armies of grasshoppers made devastation. Nell, who thought him "gone for good," lived like a casual creature of the fields. She ate when she could find potatoes and corn in the garden, fruit on the wizened trees, or berries on the bushes beside the swamp.

Then one day he came back. "It's all right, Nelly, they're both dead," he announced heavily, and Nell exclaimed: "Oh, what's the difference! We left them, didn't we? They were the same as dead to me!"

He replied: "Well, somehow I feel better about it now."

After a moment's pause Nell said: "I suppose we'll go to the parson soon?" and at that he suddenly looked blank, then as her meaning reached him, he began to laugh. He laughed long and harshly, as though all mirth had dried up in his heart years ago. At last he said: "Oh, what's the difference now!"

Passing along the road, one sees them sometimes, standing motionless, gazing from dark, empty faces, like haunted houses by the roadside.

The Allies' Shop

On Saturday, November 16, the Allies' Shop will be opened. Its object is to raise money for the American Fund for French Wounded, and for Junior League reconstruction work among disabled American soldiers. The war is won but the world must not, and will not, forget the men who have won it.

The shop is to be operated indefinitely. On the first floor, amid a garden-like setting of pale gray walls and green lattices, the booths of a salesroom have been arranged. Here articles of every description will be found. Junior League girls, who so successfully conducted a rummage sale last spring, are collecting and receiving goods to feed this sales department. Anyone who has anything to donate to the rummage sale, men's, women's, children's clothes, hats or shoes; furniture, books, toys, novelties, art needlework, bric-a-brac, please phone Olive 5482.

The second floor will be used for a lunch and tea room. It has been transformed by architect Guy Study into a village "somewhere in France," with tiny thatch-roofed houses and spreading trees. The illusion is complete and delightful: there is a high wall topped with broken bottles; an exquisite Gothic niche with its replica of an antique madonna; one little house differs from its neighbors in that it reflects the classic influence occasionally found in buildings in Provence; in the distance is the glimpse of a peaceful French valley with winding river and poplar trees.

The building, 608 N. Broadway, that houses the Allies' Shop, has been donated for one year by a St. Louis man; heating of the building has been donated by another man; lighting by still another; labor union men have donated evenings and holidays to creating the French village; the architect and artists have donated their parts; advertising agencies, printing houses and engravers have been very generous; cement firms, lumber, mill men, paper manufacturers, sign painters, paint houses, electric fixture concerns, dry goods stores, furniture houses, hardware concerns, chemical manufacturers—all have contributed.

The officers of the Allies' Shop are as follows: president, Mrs. Reginald Frost; vice-presidents, Mrs. Chas. Bascom, Mrs. J. L. Mauran, Mrs. Sam Scott; secretary, Mrs. Champe Conner; treasurer, Miss Cora Lee King; chairmen, Mrs. Louis Hayward, Mrs. Howard Benoist, Miss Georgie Elliot, Mrs. D. R. Calhoun, Mrs. M. C. Blossom, Mrs. J. T. Drummond, Mrs. Tom Niedringhaus, Mrs. John Douglass, Mrs. Richard Boyle, Mrs. Thos. Haley, Miss Frances Gray, Mrs. Ted Barstow, Mrs. Ralph Johnson, Mrs. North, Mrs. L. C. Nelson, Mrs. Matt Reynolds, Mrs. Geo. Marion Brown, Mrs. Hal Brady, Mrs. J. P. Boogher, Mrs. E. C. Culver.

♦♦♦

Another quota of dusky patriots had departed on a troop train for a draft cantonment. Mrs. Rufus Rastus Johnston Browne hadn't been there. "Lillian, did you weep?" she asked a luckier sister. "Did I weep! Woman, I had a cloudburst."

Letters From the People

For Free Speech

Milwaukee, Wis., Nov. 10, 1918.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

This country wants neither Bourbonism nor Bolshevism. We want Americanism, in the spirit of our federal constitution. That large section of the American press and government which is trying to employ Bourbonism as a means of gagging and imprisoning Socialist and other radical leaders, for expressing their disapproval of government policies, is sowing the seeds of Bolshevism in this country.

So long as all Americans retain their constitutional guaranties of free speech, free press and free assemblage, without fear of persecution by persons temporarily in control of the government, we shall have neither Bourbonism nor Bolshevism.

If our Bourbons are permitted by timid or drowsy public opinion to proceed with their programme of imprisoning American radical leaders for exercising their constitutional right to criticize their public servants, the seeds of Bolshevism so implanted will presently fruit in nation-wide political upheaval and industrial disorder.

I as the only non-Socialist who publicly endorsed Victor L. Berger's candidacy for congress from the fifth Wisconsin district, did so not because I endorse his political programme; in very large part I do not accept it as desirable for the American people. I endorsed him for the single sufficient reason that he alone among the candidates in his district dared prison in defense of our constitutional rights of free speech, a free press and free assemblage. Upon that the fundamental issue he was, and is, by far the best American of them all. He received hundreds of votes on that issue. On that issue other hundreds who could not vote for him refrained from voting for his Republican and Democratic opponents. On that issue the Socialist party displaced the Democratic party as the second group, numerically, in the Wisconsin legislature. The new legislature will contain 103 Republicans, 21 Socialists and 9 Democrats. On that issue Socialists almost elected congressmen in two other Wisconsin districts.

If that issue—of the right of American citizens to free speech, a free press and free assemblage—continues to be made paramount by the Bourbon elements of the old parties, through legal but unconstitutional persecution of Socialists, popular resentment, increasing in volume and intensity, will very soon produce results disastrous to all of the conservative elements of society in this state.

The New York Times describing Victor L. Berger as a "pro-German Socialist" and intimating that upon the ground of his "pro-Germanism" he might with propriety be excluded by the House of Representatives from the seat in that body to which his district has elected him, is cruelly untruthful and unjust. I speak with personal knowledge antedating the war by several years. Had Mr. Berger been in fact "pro-German," not one of the hundreds of old-fashioned Americans, his neighbors and acquaintances, who voted for him, would have

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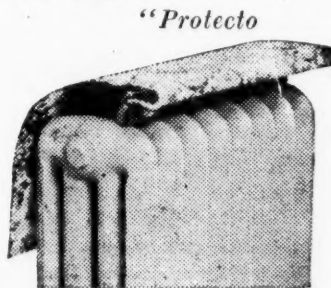
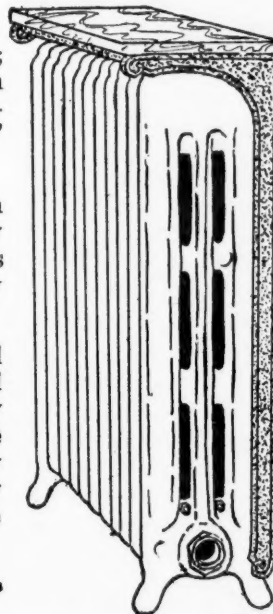
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done so. We knew that no other man in American public life had more consistently, or for an equal number of years, waged a war of destruction against the autocratic principle, nor entertained a livelier detestation for the autocrats in person, than Mr. Berger. We know that no other man more profoundly rejoices in the downfall of the Central European autocracies, and the emergence in their stead of democratic republics. Mr. Ber-

ger believing that many Americans favored the war for mercenary reasons had a constitutional right to utter and publish that opinion—any enactment to the contrary notwithstanding. I, believing that profiteering greed was only a minor factor and that the great war was in fact a crusade in behalf of worldwide democracy, had an equal constitutional right to utter and publish my opinion, and did so. My constitutional

right to advise my public servants of my desires can stand only so long as Mr. Berger's equal right to advise them of his contrary opinion stands. When one can be suppressed by a majority temporarily in power, the other can as readily be suppressed in the event that the suppressed minority shall become a majority—as it infallibly will do, if such suppression be not discontinued. Defending Mr. Berger's right of free speech, a free press and free assemblage, I defended my own like right, and that of every other sovereign citizen of the republic.

Our government should dismiss the indictments against Mr. Berger. The House of Representatives should admit him to the seat to which his people have elected him. The supreme court should vindicate the constitutional guaranties of American citizens. The great journals of the country should call a halt upon the persecution of loyal, if mistaken, citizens for opinion's sake. Eugene V. Debs imprisoned for exercising his constitutional right of free speech will add 2,000,000 votes to the Socialist total in the next presidential election. The government of the United States of America cannot long be administered in the spirit of a Texas convict labor camp. Americans never will be slaves. If need be—if our Bourbons insist upon the issue—we shall waive all other issues and fight as gladly for the preservation of our individual liberties here at home as our sons have fought to destroy autocracies on the continent of Europe. Never doubt it.

FRANK PUTNAM.

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Spiritual Adventures

By Michael Fane

An "Apologia Pro Vita Sua," in a modern setting, with a newspaper writer, a fictionist and a poet instead of a leader of the Anglican movement in the Church of England as the author, is the essence of "The High Romance" by Michael Williams (Macmillan, New York). Mr. Williams gives us in this book an autobiography, that, aside from the purpose of the effort, is interesting, because interestingly told and because it covers the story of the life of nearly every modern newspaper man who has attempted to break into the realm of creative writing. Given a start by Philip Hale of the Boston Journal at a time when he had been employed as a porter in a five-and-ten-cent store in Boston, Williams goes forward as a writer, sometimes doing sketches for a "kolyum," and sometimes routine work as a reporter, until he has made a considerable reputation for himself as a poet and a sketch and short-story writer. The taint of the basement in which he worked as a porter has infected his lungs and he has to fight tuberculosis. He finds his way to the Pacific coast and into newspaper work that he apparently does not enjoy, but that brings him in contact with much that stirs his strong and vivid imagination. He is in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake and the much more devastating conflagration that followed, and his description of both of these calamities is so very real that the reader feels as if he himself had been through the experience.

He returns to New York and begins a more serious effort to win fame as a writer and joins the colony established by Upton Sinclair at Englewood, N. J. His accumulated manuscripts, his books, his clothes, in fact everything that he owned, were destroyed in the fire that consumed Helicon Hall and put an end to the Sinclair community life. He is obliged to start anew and has to face, as he does so, another approach of the Shadow that has now walked by his side for a number of years. This drives him into the open, and again to the Pacific coast. And it is at this time that the High Romance culminates.

We are a little at sea about this High Romance in the beginning. The title

intrigues the reader. One is not sure of the character of the book until one has adventured well into it. At first the high romance appears to be the urge of an imaginative lad into an expression of the literary aspiration within him. Then it would appear to be a goal set for the culmination of a desire to develop the spirit of mysticism through the various channels of new thought, spiritism and the occult. And finally it bursts forth as a realization of soul hunger for the Divine which finds supreme satisfaction in the Catholic church.

There are two books in the High Romance. One is the story of the effort of a modern writer to achieve recogni-

tion and a place among the artists of his time and the other is the story of the reclamation by the Catholic church of a son who had wandered far from its fold. They do not appear to belong together in the form in which Mr. Williams has put them. It would seem as if he had felt impelled to tell all about himself while he was undertaking to make clear his reasons for joining the Church of Rome, and the narrative of his struggles in life telescopes into his narrative of his spiritual experiences in a manner that is not altogether reconcilable.

Of all those who have attempted to tell such a story, perhaps St. Augustine and Newman are the only ones who

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is the **ONLY** St. Louis
EVENING Newspaper
with the service of the
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have been seriously listened to by the non-religious world. Ignatius Loyola's "Life and Spiritual Exercises" has probably had more influence on the world than any effort made by an individual to impress his experience upon his readers. But the world does not care to hear the story of the man who finds his way into the Catholic church

whether by sheer reasoning or by fortuitous concurrences. It may be interested in one particular case or another, as the circumstances of the time may warrant, but it apparently remains unaffected.

Mr. Williams has a virile imagination and sees beauty wherever he looks. He is compellingly interesting by the very

strenuosity of his images and his confessions. And his sincerity and candor of soul are such as to make his book of timely value to those who, like him, have found happiness in the oldest form of the Christian religion. But one feels that there might be a greater tenderness and delicacy in the treatment of the story of his life and one wonders what

very great success he might have had with this book had he the gift of some of the French writers, Huysmans, for instance, who make one see vividly the struggles of the soul towards the truth that will appease its hunger. Mr. Williams speaks, as he quotes Mr. William James as having told him, through a megaphone, as it were. He is like the

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figure in "The Ancient Mariner" who must catch you by the coat and detain you while he tells of the big thing that has happened to him. His style is loud and hammering and he leaves one with a feeling of awe for the intensity of his mental processes as he strives to make his words felt.

The Catholic church has a message for the people of today as it has had for the people of every generation and in summing up Mr. Williams' "High Romance" it seems to me that, so far as the people of this country are concerned, Mr. Williams has struck the right note. It is that of mysticism. There are so many prophets of the occult, so many preachers of mystic creeds, so many demonstrators of spiritism and communications with the souls that have passed over that were known on earth, that one cannot but believe that there is a very serious desire on the part of many of the people of our day to pierce the veil that shrouds the future of the intangible ego that is known as spirit or soul and establish a communication of some satisfactory nature with those who have gone before, who were but a while ago among the living and now are nothing but a memory. Mysticism is the soul and center of the Catholic church. The heroes and heroines of that religion were nearly all mystics and the communion of the saints is a doctrine of pure mysticism. The communion of saints embraces the church militant, the living, the church suffering, those who have departed and are experiencing purgation, and the church triumphant, those who have passed into the glory of the righteous. This communion is established through the mystical and it is this element in the human mind that responds to the teachings and the practices of the Catholic church and finds the highest possible satisfaction in its sacraments and ceremonies. So that to a practicing Catholic, saturated with the spiritual satisfactions received from his religious exercises, the mysticism preached by the occultists of the day appears to be merely a matter of toying with the great mysteries revealed to especially favored souls.

And if, as is firmly believed by the great majority of American Catholics, there shall arise at some time within the near future a great soul who shall point the way to those who hunger and are not satisfied with the little they receive, who shall in fact lead great portions of our population into the Catholic church, it seems to me that, understanding the wants of the people, such a man, or woman, shall reach their understanding through the mystical rather than through the intellectual channel. And among all those who have attempted to point out the way, at least those I am familiar with, Mr. Williams is the first to strike this note. If we are to have a literature that will affect the minds of the people toward the Catholic church, if we are to have writers in this country such as the Chestertons, the Bellocs and the Vaughns of England, it will be along the line suggested by Mr. Williams, of attempting to reconcile the passion for the mystical that appears to infect the more serious-minded religiously-inclined people of this country with the satisfactions of-

fered by the Catholic church to its devout followers. It would seem to me that Mr. Williams has given us a book which will eventually be read very largely by "examiners" who wish to give an ear to what the Catholic church has to say and attention to what it has to offer. And because of this, one wishes that Mr. Williams had made his book more strictly a record of the soul. While he would have lost many readers who will casually read his present message he would have gained many more who would take the record for what it exactly is.

What judgment will be passed upon "The High Romance" by those unable to take Mr. Williams' point of view, those to whom Roman Catholicism is an abomination and those who are lacking in the "will to believe," one writing as a Catholic can easily imagine, but even so, such readers will hardly deny the reality of Mr. Williams' spiritual adventures to himself and therefore, in his opinion, to others. Even the pragmatists will confess that "The High Romance" is a fascinating contribution to that vast literature of the world which might well be grouped under the title of one of Mr. William James' most interesting works, "Varieties of Religious Experience."

The writing fraternity of the country will read the book with interest because of its references to well-known members of the craft. And undoubtedly the author is a man of fine sympathies who has made a great many friends, and these will be interested greatly in the unusually candid and open manner in which he exposes his mental and spiritual life and his aspirations toward the Unknown.

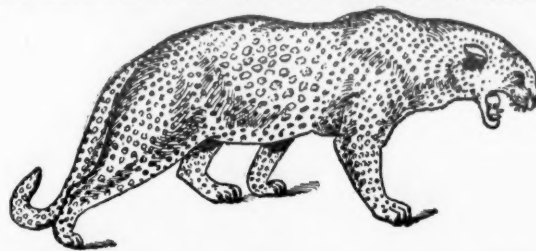
♦♦♦

Symphony Season Program

The St. Louis Symphony orchestra will open its season one week later than the usual date this year because of the influenza ban on large gatherings, which has prevented rehearsals of the orchestra, and the first concert of the season will take place Sunday afternoon, November 17, instead of November 10, as originally planned. The week thus lost will be added at the close of the season, it is announced, thereby giving patrons of the orchestra their usual quota of concerts—twenty Sunday afternoon popular concerts, and fifteen pairs of Friday afternoon and Saturday night symphony concerts.

The season will be exceptionally interesting, and rather unique in symphony annals because so much war work is planned for the year, and so much real patriotic music is to be made part of the various programs. One of the most distinct departures announced is the singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner" at all concerts, by the audience with orchestra accompaniment, under the direction of Conductor Max Zach. Most of the new war songs, those of the allies as well as American songs, will be given at the Sunday afternoon "Pop" concerts, and fifteen minutes of each Sunday afternoon will be devoted to a community "sing," led by the orchestra.

The orchestra already has offered its services for three soldiers' concerts to be given during the season, and plans now are on foot for it to take part



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in the big community sing at the Coliseum, which will be held during the present month.

As for the regular season's program, Conductor Zach has promised an exceptionally interesting set of compositions, many of them new, and many of them by American composers. The artists engaged for the Friday and Saturday concerts, also are exceptional, and one of the best seasons in the organization by American composers.

The list of artists follows: Francesca Peralta, soprano of the Chicago Opera; Toscha Seidel, the latest violinistic sensation of New York, pupil of the great Leopold Auer; Henri Casadesu, French violinist, who is reviving for concert use the quaint *viole d'amour* of the seventeenth century; Carlo Liten, Belgian tragedian, who will give dramatic readings with accompaniment of the full orchestra; Julia Claussen, contralto of the Chicago opera; Mischa Levitzki, pianist; Michel Gusikoff, violinist; Leo Cornstein, pianist; Max Rosen, violinist; Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, the world's greatest contralto; Rudolph Ganz, pianist; Riccardo Stracciari, baritone's history is in prospect.

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Coming Shows

St. Louisans, deprived for five weeks of all theatrical entertainment, will rejoice that the Shubert-Jefferson is bringing an old favorite next week, William Hodge. He has a new comedy called "A Cure for Curables," written by himself in collaboration with Earl Derr Biggers from a short story by Corra Harris. It revolves upon the efforts of a young physician to cure ten patients in thirty days and by so doing inherit a sanitarium. Those who have seen it pronounce it a typical Hodge comedy even better than "The Man from Home." One of the "curables" of the play

is a young and beautiful damsel, played by a new leading woman, Clara Moores.

♦♦♦

One of the plays which continuously pleased New Yorkers last year and invariably sent them away laughing was "A Tailor-Man." It has to do with a tailor's presser who had ambitions and aspirations above his station and in order to carry them out borrowed a millionaire's dress suit which he had been pressing, and went to a reception which the millionaire also attended in another—badly fitting—suit. His intelligence and ready wit carried him through the evening and into financial prosperity, all to the great amusement of the audience. This play will come to the American Theatre for next week, beginning Sunday night.

♦♦♦

New Books Received

Orders for any books reviewed in REEDY'S MIRROR will be promptly filled on receipt of purchase price with postage added when necessary. Address REEDY'S MIRROR, St. Louis, Mo.

JIMMIE THE SIXTH by Frances R. Sterrett. New York: D. Appleton & Co., \$1.50.

A clever and amusing romance of a temperamental and patriotic young man. Illustrated.

HAPPY JACK by Thornton W. Burgess. Boston: Little-Brown Co., \$1.25.

Entertaining nature story of the squirrel. Illustrated in color by Harrison Cady. For boys and girls from four to twelve.

ALMANZAR by Frank Davis. New York: Henry Holt Co., \$1.

Entertainment rendered by a "cullud house-boy down in San Antone." Illustrated.

IN THE WILDS OF SOUTH AMERICA by Leo E. Miller. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, \$4.50.

A record of six years continuous explorations covering over 150,000 miles of territory in Columbia, Venezuela, British Guiana, Peru, Bolivia, Argentina, Paraguay and Brazil, forming a book of rare value to geographers and naturalists. Illustrations and map.

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Marts and Money

Germany's acknowledgment of defeat caused great enthusiasm in Wall street, but had decidedly mixed effects on the market for securities. Quotations for railroad shares and bonds bounded upward. In some cases, gains amounted to four or five points. War industrials, on the other hand, displayed considerable weakness for a while, though selling was not of bulky proportions, except in a few instances. Declines were not severe, sellers for short account feeling impressed with the resolute character of support at critical moments. Among advocates of a broad bull market, it is argued that values of leading industrial and mining shares have already discounted peace to a large extent, if not entirely. Attention is called to the fact that deflation was almost continuous between the summer of 1916 and December, 1917, and that the rise in the past eight months has been quite modest in all important quarters, if exception is made of such grossly manipulated specialties as Mexican Petroleum and Texas Oil. That kind of ratiocination sounds plausible, particularly in this time of patriotic triumph over Germany's downfall and internal troubles. But let's try to preserve a semblance of calmness, all the same, in weighing the position and values of the stock market. We mustn't make the mistake of thinking lightly of the tremendous facts of an unprecedented economic situation throughout the world. Emotion is hardly ever connotative of logical reasoning. It begets fancies and fables, and is apt to set up values belonging in the fourth dimension. A period of extensive reconstruction is ahead of us. It bristles with difficulties and problems. There's radical divergence of views among financiers. There's uneasiness about monetary standards, about falling production of gold and silver, and about extraordinarily high prices of labor and material. To say naught of grave political questions in various nations. There's virtue in optimism, no doubt. It comports with the teachings of mankind, and with idealistic aspirations. But it should be tempered with sober reasoning in all respects. What will money be worth a year hence, or two years hence? Who's bold enough to venture a definite opinion? And so I dare say that Wall street folks will be well advised if they don't depart too much from such standards of valuation in industrial and mining groups as had been established between 1907 and 1914. At least \$110,000,000,000 has been lost to the world since August 1, 1914—not figuratively or temporarily, but really and permanently. We have behind us more than four years of appalling destruction of human life and material wealth, and it would be pitifully premature, therefore, to consider only the constructive potentialities of plans for a league of nations and everlasting peace. According to M. André Tardieu, French representative in the United States, the conflict has reduced the effective population of his country by one-fifteenth, three hundred and fifty thousand homes have been destroyed, agriculture, commerce and industry in the invaded districts have virtually been wiped out, and French shipping and foreign trade has

almost been obliterated. He also asserts that the process of restoration will cost at least \$10,000,000,000 (50,000,000,000 francs). Figures such as these give one a vivid idea of the enormous requisitions upon the world's supplies of surplus capital which the next five years must witness. With regard to prices of railroad securities, we are not likely to err if we hold the belief that further notable appreciation would be warranted in numerous cases. For let's remember that inflationistic operations in 1915, 1916 and 1917 were mostly confined to industrial and mining issues, the quotations for which were, in some instances, hoisted to levels that should have appealed strongly to inmates of padded cells. First-class railroad shares acted right well latterly. A few of them advanced to notches that are not much below the averages of 1913 and 1912. Especially conspicuous in the rise was Southern Pacific, now quoted at 109¼, as compared with a low record of 75¾ on December 20, 1917. The bulge was visibly helped along by a dispatch to the effect that the company had filed a claim for \$12,000,000 with the Mexican government on account of damages done to lines south of the border during the revolutionary outbreaks of recent years. There can be no question that much S. P. stock has been bought for investment purposes in the past few weeks. It is not ignored that the yearly dividend could be raised from \$6 to \$8 without placing a serious strain upon the company's finances. Union Pacific common has reascended to 137½, or to within less than a point of the maximum of two weeks ago. The stock is expected to reach 150 in the near future. If it does, it will still be twenty points under Canadian Pacific, now rated at 170 again, after a relapse of eight points. Low-priced issues are forging to the front. Especially active is Missouri Pacific common, which has advanced from 26 to 31¼. About two years back, the price was around 38½. Parties interested in these certificates point out that some fourteen years ago M. P. (old stock) paid \$5 per annum and sold at 125½. Including the amount set aside for retiring old bonds, there's \$71,800,100 preferred outstanding, the 5 per cent dividend on which has been cumulative since July 1, 1918, and is fully earned. Payments will undoubtedly be initiated in the next two or three months. In the copper group, Anaconda still is the most vigorous and resilient feature. Its present price of 72 compares with a low mark of 51½ in 1917. Absolute maximum—105¾—was set in 1916. The action of the stock would seem to indicate that holders continue confident of indefinite maintenance of the annual \$8 dividend. Thus far it cannot be said that copper shares have made brilliant response to reports from battle-fronts. Anaconda sold at 66½ last February. Kennecott is valued at 40½, against 34½ in the same month. Utah Copper's quotation denotes an improvement of a little over five points, and that of Inspiration, one of seven. It is now understood that the official quotation for copper—26 cents—will not be increased by the federal board. If there were robust hopes of a better figure, the quotations for shares would be at least seven or eight points higher than they are right now.

Money rates are firmly held at previous levels, and banks persist in their policy of rigorous examination of contents of loan envelopes. The marginal requirements have mostly been raised to 30 per cent. This means that if a stock is priced at \$100 on the exchange, the limit for collateral purposes will be \$70 at the banks. The market for bonds impresses one favorably. Demand is broad, and quotations still display upward tendencies. Latest gains varied from one to three points in quite a number of cases. Statistics concerning new municipal issues disclose severe contraction. The record for October is placed at only \$8,870,758 by the *Daily Bond Buyer* of New York. The September figures were \$18,412,000. In pre-war times, monthly totals were frequently above the \$25,000,000 mark. For the ten months ended October 31, the record stands at \$218,205,448, against \$389,598,642 for the corresponding period in 1917. There will be material improvement in the output of new municipal securities as soon as the federal authorities see fit to modify or to annul their restrictive orders. The mint authorities put the 1917 production of gold in the United States and Philippines at \$83,750,700, against \$92,590,300 in 1916. Silver production is estimated at 71,740,362 ounces. This indicates a loss of 2,674,440 ounces. The gold and silver records for 1918 may safely be expected to show still more substantial reductions, numerous mines having been closed, and many others badly hampered by shortage of labor.

Finance in St. Louis

Prices for local securities are firmly maintained at previous records in most cases. In some others they show moderate gains. Owing to peace reports, speculative inquiry for Certain-teed Products common has increased substantially and thus led to a further advance of several points in the market value, which is 37 at this moment. Nearly one hundred shares were transferred. Seventy first preferred sold at 85, and five second preferred, at 76. National Candy common has been somewhat less active lately, with the price ranging between 55 and 56. About two hundred and twenty shares were disposed of. Brown Shoe common, a 6 per cent stock, has moved up to 72. Ten preferred were taken at 96. Last year's low mark was 90. The dividend rate is \$7 per annum. Five International Shoe common brought 100.50, and eleven Bank of Commerce, 116.50. There's little or nothing doing in United Railways bonds and shares. The former are obtainable at 48.

Latest Quotations

	Bid	Asked
Lafayette-S. S. Bank.....	285	...
Natl. Bank of Commerce.....	116	116½
Mortgage Trust	130
United Railways pfd.....	12	...
do 4s.....	49½	50
Certain-teed com.	37½	38½
do 2d pfd.....	80	80½
do 1st pfd.....	85½	86
Mo. Portland Cement.....	69	...
Ely & Walker 2d pfd.....	...	77
International Shoe com.....	99½	100½
Brown Shoe com.....	70	72½
do pfd.	95	...
Consolidated Coal	81½	85
Cities Service Co.....	304	...
do pfd.	84	...
National Candy com.....	...	56½

Answers to Inquiries

INVESTOR, St. Louis.—(1) The 5 per cent bonds of the People's Gas & Coke Co. of Chicago, are not likely to improve materially in the near future, but would advise holding them, nevertheless. The company's financial condition is far from hopeless, and public attitude towards public utilities is changing for the better. Any sharp rise in the value of the stock should promptly be reflected in the market for the 5s. (2) Baltimore & Ohio refunding 5s are quoted at 86, against 90 last January. Should be rated at 90 by and by. The refusal to resume payments on the common stock should not be resented among owners of the bonds. It strengthens the financial position and lessens dependence on the loan market.

T. L. W., St. Louis.—You had better get out of Crucible Steel common at the first inviting opportunity. Price may rally to your point in a week or two. It is 56 at present, against 74½ last May, and 109½ in 1915. Stock has never received a dividend, and it is very doubtful if it will receive one in the next twelve months. Industrial companies will be compelled to adopt unusually conservative policies from now on. The extent of the next rally in the stock's price depends upon the size of the short interest mostly.

STOCKHOLDER, Dubuque, Ia.—(1) Pennsylvania Railroad should advance to 60 before long. It sold at 61½ in 1915, and at 65 in 1911. The stock is not a tempting speculation, and cannot, for this reason, be expected to rise rapidly. The 6 per cent is safe, but there's no probability of a higher rate in the next two years. (2) Hold your Missouri Pacific general 4s. (3) Great Northern preferred, now valued at 102¼, will be worth at least ten points more eventually, say in the early part of 1919. On both sides of the Atlantic the demand for high-grade stocks and bonds is steadily broadening.

INQUISITIVE, Emporia, Kans.—(1) You should hold your American Can common for higher prices. It will be given a good lift as soon as the clique is ready for business. The current price of 46½ doesn't look extravagant. (2) Holly Sugar common is quoted at 43, against 35 some months back. It's a long-range proposition and of growing inherent merits. There were sales at 58 to 60 two years ago.

J. B. M., Milford, Mass.—Erie general lien 4s are a markedly speculative investment. Under propitious conditions in the general market, they could fairly be expected to advance to 66 or 67. They are valued at 56 at this moment. The company's position is somewhat obscure, but not really discouraging. You should not purchase the bonds unless you are endowed with plenty of patience.

CORRESPONDENT, Raton, N. M.—You should not sell your Shattuck-Arizona Copper stock at a loss. The ruling quotation of 16 invites buying rather than selling. It discounts a cut in the quarterly rate from 50 to 25 cents. Suspension of payments might reduce the price to 12 or 13. At the end of 1917 the company had a surplus of about \$1,800,000. In due time the stock's price will again be around 25.



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ONE WEEK
BEGINNING
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Matinees Wednesday
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WILLIAM HODGE In His Newest Triumph:
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NIGHT PRICES: 50c TO \$2.00
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2:15—TWICE DAILY—8:15

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Cliff Bragdon and Ede Mae
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Playing to the Usual Vaudeville Attractions.

Prices 15 and 25 cents.

STANDARD REAL BURLESQUE
MATINEE DAILY

SUNDAY MATINEE, NOVEMBER 17th.

THE BLUE BIRDS



"I was just thinking." "What about?"
"Gee whiz! Suppose they christened babies as they christen ships, by crackling them over the nose with a bottle."—
Boston Transcript.

♦♦♦

Lieutenant-General Sir John Monash of the British army relates the story of how O'Flannagan came home one night

with a deep band of black crepe around his hat. "Why, Mike," exclaimed his wife, "what are you wearing that mournful thing for?" "I'm wearing it for your first husband," replied Mike; "I'm sorry he's dead."

♦♦♦

When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

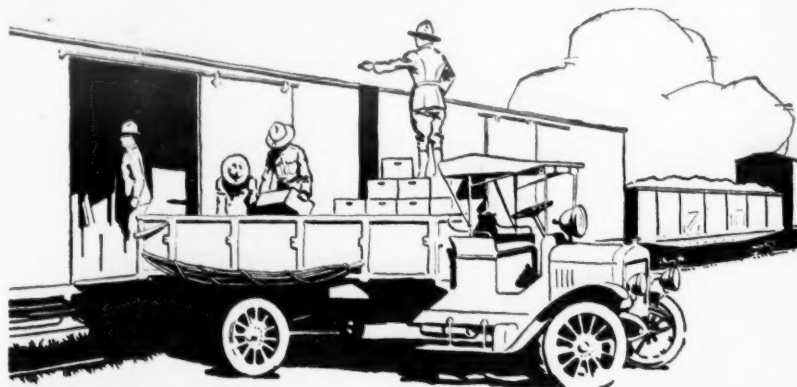
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Witness its popularity in cantonments and on men-o'-war.

An appetizing beverage with true hops flavor. Milk or water may or may not contain bacteria—Bevo cannot.

The all-year-'round soft drink to train on and gain on.



Manufactured and bottled
exclusively by
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"Every Workman in America Should Read It"—

Says FRANK P. WALSH

Joint-Chairman National War Labor Board
in the following letter—

Gentlemen:

There is no greater need in the world today than that of keeping the public consciousness alive to the underlying social and economic standards which must be maintained if mankind is to move forward to its manifest destiny.

Unquestionably the workers of the world are making advances along the line of greater industrial freedom. Collective bargaining is becoming a fact in countless industries where the autocrat has heretofore reigned supreme. Forums have been established by the Government to guarantee decent conditions to the workers in the industrial trenches. Great regard is being given to their hours of toil as well as to the wages of men and women.

But these are merely steps, and comparatively small ones, in the grand march toward social and industrial regeneration. The Public stands out preeminently as the guide and exemplar of the forces struggling for the fundamental things of life. If the problem of the worker is to be decided finally along the lines of higher justice, it will be done only when the people are wise enough to retain control of what is left of their natural resources and recover back those of which they have been deprived; and that the land, the basis of economic independence, shall be restored to the beneficial use of man.

Every worker in America should be a subscriber to The Public. All lovers of justice are striving toward the same end. The Public points the way.

Washington, Aug. 20, 1918.

Sincerely,

(Signed) FRANK P. WALSH,

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